

Dear Mom and Dad,

I hope everyone had a good time at Mary's last night. I am glad they called so I could wish Diane a happy birthday.

I mentioned that my class is reading some seventeenth century poetry in preparation for Milton. Here are two selections:

Ben Jonson (1572 - 1637)

On My First Son¹

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O could I lose all father² now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy,
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say, "Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry."
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.

¹ Jonson's son was born in 1596 and died on his birthday in 1603.

² Relinquish all thoughts of being a father.

Robert Herrick (1591 - 1674)

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

I'm glad you are trying some of the recipes from Gourmet. A couple of weeks ago I made the Zucchini Boats with Tabbouleh Filling from the September issue. It is very easy to prepare and you would like it too. Well I need to do some more reading in preparation for tomorrow night's class so I will say goodbye for now.

Love,
Jim and Vickie